

The Milltown Vision



William Marrion Branham

At age 83, Sister Georgie still
enjoyed playing hymns at the same
piano where she sat and played
Near the Cross immediately after
being healed.



Sister Georgie never married, and continued to live at the same house she resided in at the time of her healing. Next to her in this photo (below) is the bed where she spent eight years and nine months of her life battling tuberculosis, which had spread from her lungs to other parts of her body.



*Title: 51-0721 — Life Of Demons,
And Visions*

It was... I was at my mother's house, and I was going to stay all night down there. I'd been praying for the sick, and I got in late. And so I just stopped off at mother's. And I was talking to her. And we went to bed. In a little while I come—I got up. And I just couldn't rest. Did you ever have those restless nights? Be careful, if you're a Christian, that

might be God dealing with you. See? So I'd got up and was walking around. And I turned...I got a burden; I thought, "Well, maybe somebody's sick somewhere, and they want me to pray for them."

And I got down, and I couldn't pray through. And just went on for while, and after while, I looked across the room. And did any of you women ever wash, and bring your wash in like that, and pile it down in a chair? That's my

mother. And then iron barefooted in...And if she knew I said that, she'd turned me over her checkered apron again. But I've seen the poor old thing, many times stand there, and standing with her iron, you know, barefooted, ironing. And she...

2 I thought she'd laid her clothes in a chair in the corner, in the bedroom there. And it looked like something white. And it begin coming in closer to me. I looked at it. And it wasn't the

chair; it was something moving, white. And it...It seemed like I went into it, or it come into me. And in a few moments, I was walking down through a wilderness country, and I could hear a lamb bleating, going “Baa-baa.” Did you ever hear a little lamb cry? It’s the most pitiful thing in the world. And it was bleating. I said, “That poor little thing. I’m going to see if I can find it.”

And I started up towards the brush and stuff. And as I got closer to it, it wasn't a lamb. It was a human. It was calling, saying, "Milltown. Milltown." Well, I never heard of the place in my life. So when I came to myself...I went to church the following Wednesday night. And I said to some of them, "Anybody know where Milltown is?" No one knew.

3 So then, Sunday night, I announced it. "Does anyone

know where Milltown is?” And a brother by the name of George Wright, I guess many of you that go down the Tabernacle know him.

And He said, “Yes, Brother Branham, about thirty-five miles down the Southern here.” Said, “I live close to it.”

I said, “I will be down next Saturday; God wants me to go to Milltown. There’s somebody down there in trouble.”

He said, “Small city about five hundred people, or a thousand, down on the Southern there...” Said...

I said, “Well, I’ll be down.”

4 We went down, and I remember, I went to that grocery store where the street corner turned. I thought, “Wonder what the Lord wants of me?” I went in and bought a box. And come out there, and I thought I’d preach right here on the corner.” Well, I got up on the box, and I—I

couldn't think nothing to preach about. And all the folks there in the country, you know, come in on Saturday and do their shopping.

Brother Wright said, "I'm going up on the hill to do a little trading, Brother Branham, got to take some eggs up there to a man." Said, "You want to ride up with me?"

I said, "Yes." And as I went up, there was a big white church standing up on the hill. And I

said, “Say, look. Isn’t that a lovely church?”

He said, “Yes, it’s a pity about that church.” Said, “That’s a Baptist church, and the pastor there got in some trouble.” And said, “The church went down, and they never had a pastor there since.” Said, “The city taken it over. Congregation all left and went to other churches.”

5 And I felt the Spirit of God tell me, “Stop.” I went over there and the door was locked. And I

said, “You go ahead, Brother Wright. And I...You come back and pick me up after while.”

And after he got gone, I knelt down there, and I prayed. I said, “Lord, if You want me in this church, unlock these doors for me.”

And so while I was praying, I got up, and I heard somebody coming. It was a man walking around. He said, “Hello!”

And I said, “Howdy do?”

He said, “I seen you were praying.”

I said, “Yes, sir. I—I just...I’m a preacher, and I just was praying here on the steps.”

He said, “You want go in?”

I said, “Yes, sir.”

Said, “I got the keys.”

I said, “Thank You, Lord.” I said, “Thank You, Lord.” All you believe in that? Yes, sir. Yes, sir. He’s real.

6 And he opened the door for me, and I went in there, seat about three or four hundred people. And I walked up to the place. And I bowed my head and prayed. I said, “Who owns it?”

Said, “Oh, the city.” Said, “We just...I just take care of it here.” Said, “Only thing we have in it is funerals, and so forth.”

I said, “Wonder if I could have a revival here?”

Said, “See the city official.”

And I went down and asked him. He said, “Sure, if you’ll put a meter in it.”

I said, “Well, I work for the Utility Company, I’ll put my own meter in.”

He said, “All right.”

I put the meter in, and announced around there that I was going to have a revival. I never will forget the first man I asked. I said, “Going to have a revival, sir, will you come?”

He said, “Say, we raise chickens around here. Ain’t got time to go to no church.”

I said, “Well, couldn’t you just let the chickens alone for a little while and come to the meeting?”

7 He said, “Oh, we ain’t got time for nothing like that.” Said, “I got my business to take care of.” Said, “You take care of your own.”

I said, “I didn’t aim to hurt your feelings, sir.”

About ten days from then, you know, they had to take out time to bury the man. He died. And so they buried him right down there in front of the church.

We started a revival. And...Oh, I went out and prayed in the woods, and I thought the Lord give me a great message, and I was just burning at my heart, to deliver it. I said, "Oh, we'll probably have a big crowd there tonight. Maybe the Lord wants me to hold a revival."

8 So I got down there. You know who was there? George Wright, his wife, and son and daughter. I had four in the congregation. I preached the message the Lord had give me just the same. And then the next night, there was an odd-looking fellow walked up to the outside. And he was a...They told me he was a backslidden Nazarene, once belonged to the Nazarene church and had backslidden. Had his corncob pipe in his mouth, and he knocked it out on

the side of the building, hair hanging down in his face, and tooth out on the side. And looked in, said, “Where is that little Billy Sunday they’re talking about in here?” like that.

Mr. Wright went back and got him, and set him down. I was up there reading the Bible, behind the pulpit. Brother Wright come up, said, “The hardest boiled fellow there is in the country, just walked in.” Said, “Oh, he’s a ripsnorter.” Said, “His name is

William Hall. He runs the florist up here on the hill.”

I said, “Maybe that’s the one the Lord’s after.”

So I got to preaching. Brother Wright went back to him, said, “Do you want move up front?”

He said, “I’ll take care of things back here. You go on up front.”

And as the meeting come on, when the service closed, Mr. Hall was kneeling on the rail, a

praying to God. He's my associate pastor down there now. And still...A few nights there was some healing taken place. And then that started the crowd. We had to hang the PA systems out in the trees. But it seemed like, yet, it wasn't all.

9 So there was a young lady that belonged to a certain church there, that I won't call no name; they don't believe in any Spirit; just the letter, "We speak where

the Word speaks, and silent where It's silent.”

And they had made a proclamation there, that anybody that went to that meeting would be given their church letter and sent home. Her daddy was a deacon in the church. And so she got a hold of one my little books. And this lady, girl, she's about twenty-five years old now. Her name is Miss Georgie Carter. She'd been laying nine years and eight months, that she'd never

raised her head off the bed: TB. And they couldn't even put a bedpan under her. They kept a rubber sheet, and had a draw sheet. I guess you know, Brother Ryan, have to pull the draw sheet like that. She'd never seen the outside world, nowhere out, even the windows, for nine years and eight months.

And somebody come told me, but said, "You can't go pray for her," said, "she's crying for you." And just as soon as they said

that, seemed like that was the one I was to go see.

10 Well, her mother and dad wouldn't let me come. Said, "No, we won't let that deceiver come." And then after I got ready to leave the revival, her daddy said, "Well, he'd leave the house." And her mother said she'd—she'd leave and if to satisfy the girl. So I think they must've got permission from the preacher, just to let me come down there.

So I went in to see her. And the poor little thing had my little book laying there. And on the back of the bed, before she could...Got passed, putting her hands back, the paint was all rubbed off the bed where she had held, and cried, and prayed for deliverance. But her church didn't believe in Divine healing. And she got this book, and she seen in the paper where another girl had been healed, had been sent in a vision. And she wanted to be healed.

11 So, oh, poor little thing had just cried so. And I went in; she said, “Brother Branham, I just believed if you would come; Jesus would let me get well.”

And I said, “Will you serve Him, sister?”

Said, “All my heart.”

And her little old arms, she couldn't raise her sputum cup. She'd start, and she'd go, “uh, uh, uh,” and then they'd have to hold the cup. She'd go, “uh, uh, uh,” to spit in it like that. And

that's the condition she was in. I knelt and had prayer for her, and went out of the room.

12 And about two weeks from then, I was back again to start another meeting. We'd had a three, four night's meeting. And there was another minister up there, who didn't believe in immersing. And I was going to baptize a bunch down there in the river. And he'd had a revival in a tent. And he said, "If anybody, one of my

congregation, even walk in that church, where that crazy Divine healer,” said, “I would...I’d absolutely take them out of the church.” He said, “The very idea...” Said, “That fellow will drown you in the water, you know.” He said, “Well...”

I went up there to have a baptismal service that afternoon. And little Georgie, I told her, I said, “Now, now, sister, I can pray for you. That’s all I know.”

She said, “Well, can you do for me, like you did for that Nail girl?”

I said, “No, that was a vision, honey. I have to see the vision first.”

I said, “If He ever sends me back, I’ll come back. But I believe you’re going to get well,” encouraging her faith.

13 And so, the last day of the service I went over to baptize at Totten Ford. Many of you people around Corydon know where

that's at. And so I went over there to baptize. And here this minister had closed his service, and all the congregation was standing on the bank. And I walked out there in the river, you know. Oh, my, that glorious feeling, the water, splashing around everywhere. And I baptized about fifty people that afternoon. And while I was standing there, just seemed like Angels was setting on every branch of the tree.

14 And I was standing there, started to pray like that. I said, “As God sent John to baptize...” And I said, he said, “Go ye into all the world and make disciples of all nations and baptize them. These signs shall follow them that believe.” And about that time, the Holy Spirit swept down across that bank, and the entire congregation of that minister walked out in the river, screaming with their good clothes on. And I baptized every one of them that afternoon. I

mean every one of them. That's right. That's true.

Women screaming with silk dresses on, young ladies, and mothers and dads, and bringing their kiddies, and everything. I baptized till it was almost dark. They had to pull me out of the water. And so I was to have the meeting down at the Baptist church that night. I went with Brother Wright and them to eat supper. And mother Wright, she's a real cook. Way back up in

the country is where they live. And I said, “I don’t want supper right now.” I said, “I’ll go over here to pray. The Lord wants me to pray. There’s something leaning heavy on my heart.”

So then, he said, “Well, when I ring the dinner bell, you come, Brother Branham,” said, “ ’cause we’re going to have to hurry.”

I said, “All right.”

15 And I went over there, and I knelt down. Did you ever feel like, you know, the briars stuck

you, and the floor was too hard? Did you ever have that? That's the time to press on. That's the devil trying to keep you from it. Move right on. As long as you're doing right, you can't be doing wrong. See? You can't go this way, when you're going this way. And I know it's right to pray. And I just kept on praying; the—the wind blew, and a sticker hit me in the face. I just said, "Thank You, Lord." And kept on praying.

And after while, I got lost in the Spirit. Did you ever get lost in the Spirit? Excuse me for talking fast like a bush on fire, but I'm trying to hurry up. But I just got lost in the Spirit. I didn't hardly know where I was at. I heard that bell ring, but I was having too good a time with God then to think about supper. And the bell rang and rang. And I knowed it was getting dark. And I was just praying. I said, "Thank You, Lord, for Your goodness."

16 And just then it kinda quietened down. I thought, I'd get up and go on over then. Maybe the first bunch would be away from the table. And I said, "Thank You, Lord."

And as I opened my eyes, shining right down through a little dogwood bush there, was a Light, kind of an emerald-green, yellowish Light, shining right down on me. And a Voice spoke like a great deep Voice, way back there in the woods, and

said, “Go by the way of Carter’s”
That was enough. That had it. I
jumped up and started
screaming, I run down. They had
search parties looking for me out
in the woods. I jumped over the
fence and down there in the field,
and jumped right into Brother
Wright’s arms.

He said, “Brother Billy,” he
said, “mama’s been waiting
supper on you for a hour.” He
said, “They’re out everywhere
over hill here, hunting for you.”

17 I said, “Well, Brother Wright, I’m not going to eat supper.” I said, “Georgie Carter is going to be healed completely in the next few minutes.” She was about eight miles away.

He said, “What?”

I said, “Yes, sir. THUS SAITH THE LORD.”

He said, “You mean she’s going to get up?”

I said, “She’s going to be normal and well in the next few

minutes, soon as I can get there.”

He said, “Can I go with you?”

I said, “Yes, sir.”

And there was a man there from Texas, just brought his wife up, and she was healed. He said, “Brother Branham, can I go with you?” He had seen the Nail girl healed, few weeks before that.

I said, “Yes, sir.”

He said, “You mean that little pile of bones that...”

I said, “She’s going to be healed just in a few minutes.”

We jumped in the car and went down. Now, God works on both ends of the line. Don’t you believe that? [Congregation says, “Amen.”—Ed.]

18 When they was having a prayer meeting down at John Mark’s house, Peter in the prison, the Angel of the Lord was there. You know what I mean.

And then this woman, the mother, Mrs. Carter...I want you

all to write to her if you want to. She was very critical. But she...The little Georgie cried. She promised God if she could get healed that afternoon, she'd go down and be baptized. So...And she hadn't raised off that bed, now, her head up, for nine years and eight months.

And then, she was laying there crying, and her mother got so worked up. Her mother set there, a fairly young woman, went gray-headed and took the

palsy, just setting there by that bed all the time, day and night, just what little sleep she could get. All right.

Her mother went in the kitchen; she knelt down, she said, “O dear God...” Sincerely now, just been taught wrong. Said, “O dear God,” said, “have mercy on my poor little girl in there, poor little thing laying there, just a few days from death. And she’s laying there. And that impostor come through this

country here, claiming to be something.” And said, “And he’s got my child all tore up.” Said, “God, have mercy.” Started praying like that.

19 Now, here is her testimony. I don’t know this; this is her words. She said, “She raised her head up like that; she was wiping the tears from her eyes. Her daughter lived next door. They was good people. And the sun was setting in the west, and was shining in like this against the

wall.” She said, “She seen a shadow coming down the wall.” And she thought it was her daughter coming around the house. But when He got right up to her, she said, “It was the Lord Jesus Christ.” Said, “He walked right up close like that. He said, ‘Who’s this?’”

And said, they looked. And she was seeing me with this high forehead, and this Bible laying on my heart, coming, walking into the house. And she said, “Oh,

mercy, I—I—I've went to...I'm asleep." She never seen a vision. She said, "I'm—I'm asleep."

And she run in and told Georgie, said, "Georgie, I was out there a few minutes ago, praying, and it looked like I seen a form on the wall, looked like Jesus. And I seen that Brother Branham coming," said, "with two men following him. He had a Bible over his heart." And about that time my door closed outside,

and here come me and the two men.

20 I tell you. Oh, my, I feel good. Brother, you'll never know how it feels till you know just where you're standing. Then all devils out of hell can't stop it; there's nothing can. You know where you're at then.

And walked up to the porch. I never...It seemed to me like that I felt myself come out of my body, and seen my body open that door and go in. And there

was that little girl was laying there. And the mother just keeled over on the floor and fainted. And I walked up to the bed where she was at. I said, "Sister Georgie, even the Lord Jesus, Who you love and trusted all this time, has met me in the woods, and said that I must come and you would be made well. Therefore, in obedience to the commission that was just given me some few moments ago in the woods, I take you by the hand, and say, 'In the Name of

Jesus Christ, stand to your feet and be made well.’”

21 And that poor little girl, weighing not over thirty-six or thirty-seven pounds, just a bunch of bones...Why, she couldn't have stood if she had to. Not only stood, but she jumped to her feet, screaming to the top of her voice. And there the people begin to scream. Perfectly normal and well. And her mother fainted. And her sister come running in there. And she didn't

know what to do. She begin screaming, her hair...running down the road, pulling her hair like that, 'cause something has happened. Her father was coming across from his barn with some milk, in—in a little container like this. And he heard the piano playing, and he run into the house to find what it was. And there was his daughter that had never moved from that bed for nine years and eight months, setting at the piano, playing, “Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross.

There's a precious fountain, free
to all, a healing stream, that flows
from Calvary's fountain,"
perfectly normal and well!

My, here come the Marengo
Baptist preacher, and all of them,
coming in there. And she run into
the yard. She blessed the leaves.
She blessed the grass. She was
so happy.

Brother, sister, that's been
about six years ago. Tonight,
Georgie Carter is playing the
piano at the Milltown Baptist

church where I'm still the pastor.
Write to her. Miss Georgie G-e-o-
r-g-i-e C-a-r-t-e-r, Milltown,
Indiana. Get her own personal
testimony.

That same Jesus Christ that
healed Georgie that night, is right
here tonight, to do the same
thing for every individual that's
standing in the Divine Presence.
Do you believe that?



**Photo above is of the actual dinner
bell from Brother George Wright's
farm.**





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